

A New BALLAD of
The Three Merry BUTCHERS,
 AND
Ten HIGHWAY-MEN.

How the three Butchers went to pay Five Hundred Pounds, and hearing a Woman crying in the Wood, went to relieve her, and was there set upon by ten Highway-men: How only stout *Johnson* fought with them all, who killed Eight of the Ten, and at last was killed by the Woman he went to save in the Wood.



I'LL tell you a Story
 Of lovely Butchers three,
 There's *Wilson*, *Gibson*, *Johnson*,
 Mark well what I shall say:

**For they took Five Hundred Pounds, Sir,
 To pay it all away;
 For they took Five Hundreds Pounds, Sir,
 To pay it all away.**

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As they rid on the Road,
And as fast as they could trig,
Strike up your Hearts, says *Johnson*,
We'll have a merry Jigg:
With a hey ding ding, with a ho ding ding,
With a hey ding ding a dee,
And God blefs all good People,
From evil Company.

As they rid on the Road, Sir,
As fast as they could hey,
Strike up your Hearts, say *Johnson*,
For I hear a Woman cry:
With that he stept into the Wood,
And looks himself around,
And there he espy'd a Woman,
With her Hair upon the Ground.

O Woman! O Woman! quoth *Johnson*,
Hast thou no evil Company?
O no! O no! says the Woman,
And alas! how can that be?
For there came ten swaggering Blades by,
And thus abused me,
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And thus abused me.

Johnson being of a valiant Heart,
He bore a gallant Mind,
He wrapt his Cloke about her,
For to keep her from the Wind:
With a hey ding ding, with a ho ding ding,
With a hey ding ding a dee,
And God blefs all good People,
From evil Company.

Strike up your Hearts, says *Johnson*,
For it's dark all in the Sky,
She put her Finger in her Ear,
And gave a screeking Cry:
With that there came ten swagg'ring Blades.
With their Weapons ready drawn,
And they boldly came to *Johnson*,
And straightway bid him stand.

I will not fight, says *Wilson*,
For I had rather die:
Or I to fight, says *Gibson*,
For I had rather fly.
Come on, come on, says *Johnson*,
And fight a Man so free,
Or stand you still behind my Back,
And I'll win the Victory.

Then *Johnson's* Pistols they flew off,
Till Five of them were slain,
And then he drew his Hanger out,
With all his might and main;
And play'd it about so manfully,
Till Three more he had slain.
And play'd it about so manfully,
Till Three more he had slain.

Come on, come on, says the other two,
And let us make away,
For if we do not hold him to't,
Our Lives he'll take away:
O no, O no, quoth the Woman,
And alas! how can that be?
For if you do not hold him to't,
Then hanged you shall be.

Johnson fighting these two Thieves before,
The Woman he did not mind,
And fighting these two Thieves before,
She knock'd him down behind:
O Woman, O Woman, quoth *Johnson*,
Alas! what have you done?
You have kill'd the bravest Butcher,
That ever *England* won.

Just as she had killed him,
There came one riding by,
And saw the Deed that she had done,
And seized her presently:
She was condemn'd for to be hang'd,
In Iron Chains so strong,
At the Place where she did *Johnson*,
That great and mighty Wrong.



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